

New-York - Wednesday forenoon - May 20, 1840.

Dear Love:

43 I have no hope of hearing any thing from you until after my arrival in England; for you, of course, suppose that I am now launched upon the boundless deep, receding farther and farther from you and home. But here I remain, detained (as yesterday) by a northeasterly storm - and how can I improve this unexpected opportunity more agreeably to my feelings, than by sending you another token of my love? I have nothing new to communicate; but the mere assurance that I continue in good health will be more gratifying to you than pages of the every day events of life. Of this city, I am thoroughly sick. Here Mammon reigns in filthy splendor, and Humanity finds none to sympathize with it. All is heartless, selfish, exclusive. I am writing in Wall-street, where the money-changers congregate, and where affluence and beggary are seen side by side, but acknowledging no relationship by creation, and at mutual enmity with each other. It is rightly named - Wall-street - for those who habitually occupy it in quest of riches at the expense of mankind, are walled in from the sympathies of human nature, and their hearts are as fleshless and hard as the paving-stones on which they tread, or the granite and marble buildings which they have erected and dedicated to their idol Gain. Love - pure, benignant, all-sympathizing, all-embracing Love - where art thou? Son of God, whose aim and end were to do good even to enemies - to reconcile man to man by reconciling man to God - to bind up the broken-hearted, succor the distressed, and rescue the fallen - where is thy blessed spirit to be seen? How many, in this great city, have more than heart can wish, and are revelling in luxury and affluence! How many are deprived of the necessities of life, and know not, when the sun ^{goes} ~~lies~~ down in the west, where to lay their heads!

How many are overfed - surfeited - banqueting upon daintiful things! How many hunger and thirst, and consume by a slow famine! Yesterday, as I went up this street, to drop a letter for you into the Post-Office, a little ragged boy asked of me a pittance to buy him some bread. An occurrence like this is a reproach to the whole city. Either the Creator of men is a partial, malevolent Being, or man is horribly selfish and wicked. "Let God be true, and every man a liar." All misery, all want, all suffering from famine and nakedness, is contrary to the will of God. He desires that all may be fed with the abundance of fatness, and that every man should sit under his own ^{vine and} fig-tree, and have none to molest or make him afraid. That time shall yet arrive - for Jesus has not died in vain. He shall save his people from their sins - and, being saved from these, they will be saved from all the consequences of sin; for they will then love their neighbor as themselves, and love "worketh no evil."

This detention by the storm makes it almost certain that we shall be too late to be at the opening of the World's Convention. I am not impatient, however, nor do I feel any disposition to grieve. My confidence in the wisdom, forecast, benevolence of God is perfect. He is, ever has been, and ever will be, infinitely good and gracious. Nothing can be unjust which he devises, nothing malevolent which he orders. "The Lord reigns - let the earth rejoice."

Being detained here, my spirit naturally yearns to see you. Could I have sailed from Boston, instead of New-York, how much more preferable would it have been, as a matter of choice, to my heart! But all things are ordered wisely - and He, who sees ~~the~~ ^{the and} ~~all things~~ from the beginning, knows what is best. Though I shall sail from New-York, I shall aim to return to Boston direct.

Through what scenes or vicissitudes we may be called to pass during our separation, it is impossible for us to foresee; but, how grateful am I to God, that he has given me a free wife, and free children! I shall not be tortured with the apprehension, that you may be sold to some hyena-spirited slave-speculator, or that George and Willie may be kidnapped, and reduced to slavery. Nor will your bosom be torn with anguish at the thought, that I may be claimed and hurried off as the property of another. In the course of three months, or, at the longest, four months, (I shall hasten back with all loving speed,) we may hope to see each other, and mingle joyful congratulations with gushing tears of gratitude. The time, though it may seem long to us, is, in fact, very brief. My heart bounds as I think of the babe which may be presented to me on my return. Heaven grant you a safe and easy delivery! Would that I could be near you in the hour of child-birth. I shall be, in spirit, though not in a bodily presence. It is a great relief to my mind to think that you will lack for nothing — that you are to have a skillful female physician, a good nurse, and dear mother and sister Anne with you, and our estimable friend Mrs. Johnson, and such an active and excellent housewife as Caroline. Your caution is so large, that I need not urge you to take all possible care of yourself, both before, at the time, and after your sickness.

I shall send this letter to you in a bundle, by Mr. Snow, of Cambridgeport, who has just called in, and informed me that he returns home this afternoon. The other letters and packages you may hand to friend Johnson, to be taken into the city without delay. Mr. Snow has kindly promised me that he will call and see you immediately on his return. I hope, therefore, you will receive this as early as to-morrow noon.

Inform friend Chace that the Liberator volumes, and anti-slavery pamphlets, &c. which I bought at auction, came to \$9.76 - for bringing which to the Anti-Slavery Depository, I paid 50 cts. - making \$10.26. I authorize him to get the money of H. G. Chapman, and to give a receipt for the same in my name.

Helen Eliza Garrison,

Cambridgeport,

Mass.

You mention that dear little Willie has had an attack of the croup, but was better when you wrote. I trust he has had no relapse. Should he have a cough, I know of nothing better than the balsam of live-worth, with an injection occasionally. Farewell! I go, but leave my heart behind me, and shall try to come back for it without delay. This is probably the last letter I shall be able to send you on this side of the water. Love to all the household. Your affectionate husband, W. L. G.